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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LI. CHICAGO, JUNE 4, 1903. NUMBER 13

It is an old saying that monarchies live by honor and republics by virtue. The more democratic republics become, the more the masses grow conscious of their own power, the more do they need to live, not only by patriotism, but by reverence and self-control, and the more essential to their well-being are those sources whence reverence and self-control flow.

—James Bryce.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

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....OF....

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

An Eight-Page Leaflet

COMPILED BY GEORGE WILLIS COOKE

Reprinted from Unity of May 14, 1903.

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UNITY

VOLUME LI. THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1903. NUMBER 13

In these days of the "sweet girl graduate" and of present-giving to the same, it may be in order to speak of the wisdom of certain seminaries for young women of national repute, who are ordering Ruskin's "Advice to Girls" in quantities. Published by the Unity Publishing Company.

The United States is venturing on dangerous ground when it begins to do anything with the opium trade in the Philippines, except to condemn and prohibit it. Alas for the public schools that are sustained by opium money. We commend to the authorities at Washington a study of contemporary history. Let them take heed of England's gruesome experience both in China and in India.

The *Literary Digest* prints some extracts from what it calls "the oldest collection of moral maxims," recently found in the tombs of Egypt, the date of which is fixed about 2600 B. C. Here is a bit of sagacity even yet difficult to practice:

"If you must deal with an antagonist while he is in anger and he is more powerful than you, then bend your neck to him. Since he will not permit you to destroy his language, do not interrupt him. This shows that you can keep quiet if you are opposed, and you have the advantage over him if you do not become excited."

The old soldier will not only appreciate the humor but respect the candor in the following statement of the Maryland applicant for pension, and we think the department will prove itself unworthy of its trust if it withholds a pension from one who is so honest in stating the cause of his disability. If the Pension Bureau granted pensions only on applications as explicit as this case, the annual pension output would be greatly reduced.

The way I got my war ingery was a ketchin of a hog. The Hog war a sow and ur captain wanted her for forege. We was chasin the sow, and she crawled threw a hoal in a rale fence. It was a big hoal, and I thot I war about the sis of the hog, and tried to crawl threw, but I stuk and trin' to wigle out I throde the rales off and one hit me on my hed and nocked me senseless. I do not think the sow pig had nothing to do with my line of duty, for I did not kech the hog. Wich she never war caut.

The force at UNITY headquarters has been putting in its spare time for a long while over our back numbers, trying to make out a complete file. They have at last succeeded in securing *one complete set of* UNITY *for the twenty-five years, and one only.* This is substantially bound in twenty-five volumes, duly indexed, and is the proud possession of the Senior Editor as the only tangible assets he has to show for his quarter of a century of work. Another set similarly bound and indexed, lacking two years, from March 1, 1880, to March 1, 1882, has been secured for the library of the Meadville Theological School and is now on their library shelves. One other set, unbound, is complete with the exception of volumes seven and eight, i. e., from March, 1881, to March, 1882. Two additional sets have been completed lacking the years missing in the Meadville series. Should any of the veteran readers of UNITY have sets which they would like to have perfected, indexed and bound, the aforementioned "force" is now in a position to render them intelligent assistance. Any help to supply the above deficiencies will be gratefully appreciated. A complete index for the twenty-five volumes is in contemplation whenever time and resource permit.

The many friends of UNITY will be tenderly touched by the news of the death of Mrs. Julia Maria Hunting, widow of the late Rev. S. S. Hunting, of beloved memory, so widely known and beloved among the Unitarian churches of the west. Mrs. Hunting was a daughter of the late Nathaniel Stevens, of North Andover, and the last nine years of her life were spent under the loving shelter of her son's roof, Dr. N. S. Hunting, of Quincy, Mass. Mrs. Hunting's life represented seventy-nine years of gentleness, beauty and helpfulness. While her husband lived she was to him a true helpmeet and to her children always a brooding, loving mother. Dr. Hunting and his wife accompanied the remains of the good mother to Des Moines, where she was laid to rest beside the beloved husband and father and among her many friends. Mrs. Hunting was a stanch Unitarian of the broadest school. Her sympathies, like those of her husband's, were ever with the more inclusive movement. From the beginning she was a reader of UNITY and a friend and supporter of that which UNITY stands for. Here is another vacancy in the life line to be filled by another, who in the vigor of youth will emulate this benign, patient and heroic life. Hail and farewell to a dear friend!

The American Unitarian Association seems to have another year book problem on its hands. In the eighties its anxieties were about the word "Christian," and it had a troubled time in trying to guard the "Christian" character of its lists. Now its solicitations seem to be about the word Unitarian itself. Rev. Charles F. Dole introduced a resolution at its recent meeting asking the association to change the title of the year book so as to read "Unitarian and Affiliated Churches," and then to add a supplementary list of such free and independent churches as might wish thus to express their fellowship in all things that make for "truth, righteousness and religion." The first part of the suggestion seems to have been adopted; the last part rejected. Without entering into the technicalities of the discussion the tendency in some directions is to claim everything liberal in sight and to draft all non-creedal churches into the Unitarian list willy nilly, or else compel them to withhold their names from a fellowship with which they

have much in common, but with which, in a denominational and sectarian way, for one reason or another they do not choose to be classified. The independent churches do not want to go where they do not belong, and they can afford to stay out of a list that carries a denominational implification which is not true either to the letter or spirit of their organization as they themselves interpret it, and no one has a right to revise their interpretation or impugn either their courage or their candor when they say, "We are gladly *with*, but not *of* the Unitarian, or any other sect or denomination."

UNITY does not meddle in party politics, neither does it flee from its political responsibilities. In our issue of April 30, speaking of the pending judicial election in June, we spoke of the republican list of judicial candidates as being the product of "a nefarious caucus, contaminated by the touch of Lorimer and 'Doc' Jameson," and said, "The least the independent voters of Chicago can do is to see that Judge Hanecy (the special favorite and perpetual candidate of the above named) be allowed to give all his time to the politics which he so affects. He should be excused from the judicial handicap; he ought to be released from the responsibility of the bench." This week we are glad to record the success we asked for. No election held in the history of Chicago has probably so absolutely ignored party claims and vindicated the independent in politics as the one just closed. All but four of the candidates offered by the above mentioned caucus were retired, and the particular man named was left almost at the bottom of the list, notwithstanding that the bad elements in both parties "rallied" to his support. The venerable Judge Tuley, Chicago's most honorable Chancellor, heads the list of the successful candidates, and the man most skilled in party politics, one who had already been defeated as a partisan candidate for the mayoralty and the governorship, is left behind "out of sight." After a while Chicago will demonstrate that its politics as well as its streets can be cleaned. Independency perhaps reached its maximum efficiency in the most Republican district. The sixth ward, which is nominally 66 per cent Republican, cast 4,500 votes for Judge Tuley, and only 1,600 for Judge Hanecy, the partisan Republican candidate. In one of the most intelligent precincts only eighteen "straight" votes were cast; eight of those were Republican.

Emerson programs continue to crowd the editorial table of UNITY in a delightful manner. In Lincoln, Neb., All Souls Church seems to have led the way, and a unique and refreshing program of a double service is before us. On Sunday morning Rev. Mr. Marsh preached on "Emerson and Unitarianism." On Monday evening there was a fitting union service, at which Prof. Sherman, of the State University, spoke on "The Poet and Prophet"; Rev. Dr. Wharton, of the Methodist Church, on "The Apostle of the Spirit"; Hon. A. L. Cornish, a judge and representative of the bar, on "College Reminiscences of Emerson." Dr. Tuttle, of the Congregational Church, spoke of "Emerson's Simplicity," and Dr. Swearingen, of the First Presbyterian, on "Emerson's Optimism." The program is enriched with sentences from Emerson and responsive readings compiled from his writings. At Des Moines, Iowa, the Unitarian Church printed a special program. There were preparatory sermons on the 17th and 24th, and on Monday evening the celebration took the form of a dinner, Rev. Mary A. Safford presiding. "Emerson in the Home," "Emerson the Citizen and Neighbor," "Emerson and His Friends," "Emerson the Poet," "Emerson and His Era," "Emerson's Place in American Literature" were the topics discussed by three ladies and three gentlemen. We have already spoken of the celebration at Indianapolis. Among the speakers were Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, Dr. Lembert Brayton, Miss Mary Nicholson, President Scott Butler and the Rev. Geo. Newbert. At All Souls Church, Washington, Carroll D. Wright, A. R. Spofford, Assistant Librarian of Congress, Hon. W. T. Harris, George Willis Cooke, of Boston, and the pastor, Rev. Mr. Pierce, were the speakers. As might be expected, the most beautiful, as well as the most skillfully prepared and nicely balanced programs come to us from Rochester, N. Y., where the painstaking hand of Mr. Gannett is so evident. At the Unitarian Church on Sunday, the 24th, there was a special program, the sermon being on "Three Great Teachers of Religion—Channing, Parker and Emerson." In the evening the Young People's Religious Union had a special program and the Divinity School address was read by Mr. Gannett. The "Commemoration by the citizens of Rochester" was held on Monday at the Jewish temple, with the speakers already mentioned in a previous issue. We do not weary of giving these particulars, because we hope that it will help stimulate the "further study" and the "continuous celebration" hinted at a week ago. Wise is the minister who takes advantage of this public quickening and carries Emerson with a generous hand into his pulpit. Skillful is the school teacher who takes advantage of the interest awakened and works with the press in giving to his pupils new and vivid appreciations of the glow points in American history and the white light in American literature through the help of Emerson. Let us have as much of Emerson as we can this year.

Another Book from Ian Maclaren.*

One takes up another book from Ian Maclaren anxiously, particularly when the announcement promises a continuation of the delights of "Bonnie Brier Bush." "Our Neighbors" scarcely escapes the disappointment, particularly in the first eight sketches, which are written in the main in what Hosea Bigelow called "long tailed English," but when in the later sketches he drops into the inimitable dialect of the Glen of Drumtochty, the old flavor comes back and we first recall and then forget the delights of "Bonnie Brier Bush" in the fresh delights of new creations, sketches tender and playful enough to stand on their own merit. But Ian Mac-

*"Our Neighbors," by Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 1903.

laren has eyes to see the quaint and a mind to appreciate the meaning and the charm of near things outside his own Scotch latitude. Nothing has been written by an outsider since the days of Dickens more searchingly true and provokingly good concerning the American at home than the inimitable sketch of "The Restless American" found in this book. It is a rare glimpse of ourselves "as ithers see us." Here is the American "envying the man at the head of the procession who will have the start of him about two seconds when the train stops." But this Scotchman plays fair, and the Englishman is touched off with equal skill in "Our Foreign Manners."

There is no danger of forgetting that Ian Maclaren is a minister. The dignified Dr. Watson of the Presbyterian Church is in evidence in all these sketches. "An Expert in Heresy" and "The Scot at an Argument" are delightful sketches of contemporary theology in humble life; while "With Unleavened Bread," "Dinna Forget Spurgeon" and "The Vision of the Soul" are glimpses of the spiritual life on the same plane, that prove religion perennial. They show how its inspirations ever carry the true devotee out of the dogmatic life into the life of the saint. Controversy is left behind as the soul climbs the mount of vision.

This standpoint gives us the true standard by which to estimate the book; it is a book of the heart and not of the head.

In these graduating days the experiences of the humble father and mother of the Glen at the coronation of the boy are duplicated in the United States wherever there are high schools and colleges to grant diplomas. For surely on the graduating platform, "rich and poor, high and low, go together into the one republic on the face of the earth, the Republic of Letters, where money does not count, nor rank, nor influence, nor intrigue, but where every man stands equal and the best man wins."

We hope we have said enough to tempt our readers. "Our Neighbors" is a book for the home table and for the vacation satchel, a book to sweeten life; not a great book, but, what is quite as rare, a wholesome, good, humanizing book, a life-helper, a book to ameliorate the severities of our hurried and self-seeking life. Go and read it.

Two Popes in Europe.

Instead of one papal power there seem to be two in Europe, claiming to be arbiters of theological dogma. The Emperor William, of Germany, invited Dr. Delitzsch to lecture before the Court on Assyriology, and the bearing of recent discoveries on the Bible. He went so far as to assist in showing stereopticon illustrations. Afterward the Professor was invited by the Emperor to lecture on the New Testament. These lectures gave the essence of what has been published as "Babel and Bible"; and to say that they were lacking in orthodoxy is scarcely to describe them. The upholders of the supremacy of the Bible-record, as exclusively divine, were astonished and terrified. The Emperor was believed to have become a broad churchman. The agitation grew to such proportions that the Cæsar was himself alarmed. *Dei gratia* government has always gone hand in hand with *dei gratia* theology. The outcome has been a pastoral letter, which in tone and contents might have graced the pen of Pope Leo. The Emperor says that he listened to Prof. Delitzsch and remained "passive." But he thinks that the lecturer became quite "nebulous and bold." "When he came to speak of the New Testament it became clear at once that he developed such divergent views concerning the person of our Savior, that I had to express a diametrically opposite view. He did not recognize the divinity of Christ, and asserted that the Old Testament contained no revelation of the Messiah. I can only urge him to proceed cautiously, step by step; and at any rate to ventilate his theses only in the theological books and the circle of his colleagues. We carry on excavations, not to conform or to attack religious hypotheses with the theologian who has run away with the historian. He approached the question of revelation in a polemical tone, more or less denying it, or reducing it to pure human matter. That was a grave error, for thereby he touched on the innermost and holiest possession of his hearers, which shook and scattered the foundations of their faith. I distinguish between two different kinds of revelation—one progressive, and as it were historical; the other purely religious, as preparing the way for the future Messiah." This subvention of the Emperor is much longer, but in literary merit and theological value it does not differ from what we have quoted. It forms a very fair supplement to his volume of sermons which was published a year or two ago. It probably will suggest itself to his readers that Protestantism affords a very poor background for authoritative dogmatism.

It is difficult for an emancipated mind to quite understand the bedlam that follows a new discovery, or series of discoveries, in any way affecting the authority of the Hebrew Scriptures. These discoveries invariably confirm a high historical conception of the Bible as literature, but quite as surely reduce the dogmatic authority of the same documents. We have already gone so far in our higher criticism that there is a growing consensus of opinion that it is better to find among ancient peoples a fellowship of human thought and sentiment, rather than a singularity of theological inspiration in one race alone. It certainly, in this day of international comity, adjusts itself to the growing fraternity of nations, to believe that all upward-lookers have seen God.

"Babel and Bible" is only an enlargement of those discoveries which have been known among scholars for the last fifty years. One of the critics says that Dr. Delitzsch has given us "not a single new point." He has only shown that the people at large have not

yet any conception of what has been revealed by investigation and excavation. It is about time that the light from these sources should be thrown upon the popular mind in handling the Scriptures. For instance, the biblical story of the creation has, for some time, been known to rest on a Babylonian foundation. But this conception of the creation was spiritualized by the Jews. The doctrine of Paradise and Fall of Man is, in some form, found also among the Assyrians. A Sabbath day of rest was not revealed to Moses alone, as a miraculous revelation, but was a common property of all the older nations. It lies in nature that man should rest and recuperate, as well as work; but it must never be forgotten that the commandment which enforces a day of rest, with equal precision commands six days of work. The doctrine of angels seems to have been derived from the Babylonians; as likewise the doctrine of devils. It does not concern the general argument that the Hebrew legend is, from a literary and from a spiritual standpoint, superior to that of neighboring nations. The substantial point to be allowed is that in all cases these stories are legendary, and in no sense revelations from a Supreme Mind. We believe that in almost all cases it will be conceded that these mythical stories receive an uplift as they pass through the Jewish mind, and are purged of a materialistic and sometimes vulgar conception. The Babylonian legend is ruder in every way; and the Hebrew legend is more in accordance with Christian methods of expression and thought. This is due, probably, in some degree, to the fact that Christianity is an outgrowth of the Hebrew faith.

E. P. Powell.

The Rythm of the Sea.

All night I heard the steady wash of waves
  Breaking with heavy swell upon the shore.
Its sweet monotony lulled me to sleep
  And to my dreams its rhythmic note I bore.

At earliest dawn its dashing drew again
  My vagrant spirit from the realm of sleep;
I listened long and caught the cadence there,
  Marking the time of the great vasty deep.

Now years are gone, and leagues of land between
  Me and the multitudinous waves I loved of yore,
Yet in deep night I sometimes hear them dash
  Against the rocky ramparts of the shore.

Hattie Tyng Griswold.

Columbus, Wis.

Burke said: Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover, but let us pass on—for God's sake—let us pass on!

The training of men is the greatest factor in civilization, and nature plays the greatest part in it.—*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

We should impart to others our courage and not our despair, our health and ease, and not our disease.—*Thoreau.*

THE PULPIT.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

A DECORATION DAY SERMON

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, MAY 31, 1903.

Yesterday was celebrated the most unique, modern, poetic and tender of holidays. It is a holiday peculiarly American, one worthy of democracy. This association of flowers and heroism, this commemoration of dead heroes, regardless of rank and independent of names, by all the living, regardless of sect, age, or race antecedents, is an occasion so full of pathos and poetry, so fragrant with tenderness and instinct with humanity, that it promptly takes upon itself religious significance. So naturally does it unite patriotism and piety that it may well be regarded as one of the fast-days of the church as well as one of the feast-days of the nation. So inevitably does it take its place in the calendar of that American catholic church that is slowly forming, that I have wished it might always be held on Sunday, and that the tender occasion might be more effectively guarded from the vulgar profanation of its holy ritual by the boisterous racings and undignified sporting which threaten to supplant the holy communion of flowers, the stirring companionship with the brave, and the reconsecration to high ideals which properly belong to Decoration Day.

I believe with the old Bible writer that "there is a time to dance," and that there is a place to dance also, but I would not play a waltz at a funeral, and I do not believe in dancing on a mother's grave. Flippancy is allied to degeneracy, and irreverence towards the past and its heroes is irreverence to God. Indifference to the past is a menace to the future.

It has been the aim of this pulpit with each return of the beautiful festival to seek its religious foundations, to give it that interpretation which will make it increasingly a festival devoted to the ideal, a service of patriotism. If Decoration Day is to remain as a permanent holiday, freighted with ethical and spiritual significance, it must not be allowed to become a day devoted to cycling and golfing on the part of the young, and formal parade and liturgical decoration of graves by an ever-shortening column of grizzly veterans.

The "Grand Army of the Republic" is a rapidly decreasing remnant of the greatest as well as the noblest army that was ever marshaled under a common banner. It is fitting that these veterans should parade and that their rheumatic limbs should march, at least once a year, to the music of fife and drum as they file in and out among the graves of their comrades and lay thereon the fragrant blossoms of spring, and still more fitting that they should circle around and pile high their cenotaph of roses in honor of the unregistered host whose ashes lie in unmarked graves. But God forbid that this heritage of heroic memories should ever come to be regarded as the special property of an "Old Guard", or as the peculiar prerogative of the military and those who have entered into the martial spirit of 1861-65. If Decoration Day is to last as a potent holiday, thrilling to the young, consoling to the aged, we must look well to its foundations and see to it that it is ever related to the permanent interests of civilization and the abiding inspirations of our republic.

The world is getting weary of war; nations are overburdened with bayonets and cannons. The list of the great captains of war is already too long.

The story of valor on the field of battle is a long one. Humanity has always been well stocked with hero-stuff. Everywhere and always men have been found who were willing to suffer for their country or to die for a flag. The Union army won for itself no special honors in this direction. The columns of the North were filled with valiant men who met foes as valiant from the South. We must go back of the brave traditions of Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge and the Wilderness if we are to find the deepest significance of our Decoration Day festival. Not the war, but the cause that led to the war is the inspiring part of our study. Not the way our hero died, but what he died for, is what will make perennial his story and inspiring his traditions.

For this reason I like to call attention on these memorial days to the unepauletted heroes and the un-uniformed braves. A year ago we celebrated the valor of Mother Bickerdyke, the blessed army nurse who had but recently joined the hosts that had gone before. She was a representative of that large ununiformed army without which our soldiers would have fainted by the wayside, or, what would have been still sadder, would have lost the fire of conviction and missed the inspiration of the great cause.

Today I find another case in point. On the 26th day of October last, at her home in New York City, in the eighty-seventh year of her age, died Elizabeth Cady Stanton, a Mother of the Regiment that was enlisted before the war. She was a captain in the vanguard of liberty that fought with mightier weapons than bayonets. With prophetic insight she appealed to that which is mightier than the bullet with its lamentable mission, and which must complete its work—the ballot.

I offer no indignity to my comrades whose bones lie beneath the sod, or to those whose stiffening limbs are fast stumping towards their graves, in thus placing the name of Elizabeth Cady Stanton on the roster of those who fought the battle of liberty and dedicated their lives to the cause of freedom. For this battle of liberty was well on before Abraham Lincoln was entrusted with the helm of state; and the battle of liberty was not won when Lee's army surrendered at Appomattox. The campaigning was not over when the tired President found his release from care at Ford's Theater. Liberty is not a commodity that can be dealt out in packages and applied in sections. Liberty is an organic tissue, vascular and growing. It can bring its full blessings to no one until it throws its protection around every one. Slavery blighted the slave-holder more than the slave. Any indignity to the rights of man, woman or child promptly reacts upon the perpetrator of such an indignity. The boys in blue whose graves were decorated yesterday were but juniors in the fight. They who died so nobly were but following their file leaders—those who had gone before and taught them what was worth dying for. The man or woman who fights a wrong belongs to the army of liberty, no matter what that wrong may be or where the battle may be waged.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was the daughter of an eminent lawyer, Judge and Congressman from the Mohawk region of New York. Her mother, Margaret Livingstone, was the granddaughter of a Colonel on George Washington's staff. She was a healthy child, born into a wholesome home, brilliant in mind, active in body, and alert in conscience. That home in Johnstown, New York, was old-fashioned, dignified and stately. Scotch Presbyterianism was the religion. When a little sister came she heard the friends say, "What a pity it is she is a girl," and her heart went out to the little baby. Peter, an old colored servant of dignity and standing, was the trusted attendant of this bevy of children—five girls and one boy. Peter was an Episcopalian. Once in a while the Presbyterian parents allowed the children to go to Peter's church, but the children declined the hospitalities of the white pews, preferring to sit with Peter in the one colored pew in the church. Peter was the sole colored communicant, and little Elizabeth wondered why he, so trusted and beloved, must go up alone after all the others had been served, to partake of the bounty of the "Lord's Table."

When Elizabeth was eleven years old, her one brother, a graduate of Union College, came home to die, and as she climbed into the lap of the disconsolate father the heart-broken man exclaimed, "Oh, my daughter, I wish you were a boy!" With her arms about his neck she said, "I will try to be all my brother was." Next morning, while the body of the brother was still unburied, she sought the good pastor and asked him if he would teach her Greek and begin at once, for she wanted to persuade her father that she could do what a boy could. "Yes, child," said the old elder as he threw down his hoe; and the old Greek grammar which he had studied in the University of Glasgow was brought into service.

She learned to manage horses and became an expert rider, and she brought Greek prizes and laid them at her father's feet, all to prove that a daughter might fill a son's place. When the good old pastor came to die, his Greek lexicon, testament and grammar were bequeathed to his little pupil, Elizabeth Cady. She haunted her father's law office, became conversant with many of the technicalities of the court and peeped into the great law books. She overheard the plaint of the widow, the defense of the injured wife, and the wrongs of orphaned daughters.

Early she began to rebel against the "don'ts" of life. She was distressed by the sulphurous preaching of Elder Finney. She graduated in the village school with honor in a class of boys and girls, having successfully competed with the boys in mathematics, literature and rhetoric, and held her own with them on the playground, in the walk or on horseback. She resented the custom that allowed the boys to go to Union College to pursue the studies that were after her own heart in a way that challenged the full powers of the student, while she had to go off to the "Female Seminary" at Troy. But she made the best of her disadvantages and managed to have a good time with her girl classmates and secure the maximum of culture the Seminary had to yield.

Soon after her graduation we find her enjoying the home of her illustrious cousin, Gerrit Smith, who once took her and a jolly circle of companions into the attic and introduced them to "Harriet, a quadroon." He said, "Harriet, I have brought you these girls. Tell them the history of your life; what you have seen and suffered in slavery. I want you to make good abolitionists of them." For two hours the girls listened to the sad story of this girl's childhood and youth; of the New Orleans market; of the escape and of this temporary shelter, and the hope that tomorrow Mr. Smith, skillful agent of the Underground Railway, would speed her on her way to the land of freedom.

Elizabeth Cady learned then the lesson once and for all. She then took her diploma in the school of freedom. Next day the slave-master and the marshal were entertained at the Gerritt Smith table and were invited to search the house. The day

after that Mr. Smith published an open letter to the slave-hunting master in the *New York Tribune*, telling him that his slave "Harriet," through his help, had reached Canada eighteen hours before the master's arrival at his home.

At this home and under such influences she met Henry B. Stanton, yoke-fellow of Samuel J. May, Garrison and Phillips, in the anti-slavery campaign, and when she was twenty-five years old she was married to him. She gave her hand and heart to the cause of freedom as well as to the man who had vowed his life to liberty. They went to England on their wedding tour as delegates to a great anti-slavery convention, which was to be held in Free Mason's Hall, London, in 1840. Delegates from anti-slavery societies from all parts of the world were present. Lady Byron, Mrs. Jameson, Elizabeth Fry, Lucretia Mott and other eminent women were there asking for seats in the convention. But these men, who had gathered in the name of freedom, in the interest of the slave, held the door against the women. For a whole day the high debate continued, Stanton and Garrison leading the debate in the interest of the women, but the clergy opposing. The women themselves sat apart and listened to the French, British and Americans discussing their right to a place in the army of freedom. The exclusion party won, and our American Lloyd Garrison led a valiant few out of the hall, saying, "After battling so many long years for the liberty of American slaves I can take no part in the convention that strikes down the most sacred right of all women."

England was full of sights and persons in which this bridal party were interested, but they had time only for the lovers of freedom. These they sought, and many of them were found. Mrs. Stanton came back to take up her life's work in the old home at Johnstown, her husband entering her father's office. She gathered a class of colored children for the Sunday-school, but on picnic day their place in the procession was disputed. She won her rights on the street only to find the church door promptly slammed in the faces of the colored children as soon as the last white child was in. The little colored children were entertained at her father's house, for they must not be disappointed, and fared better than the white children in the church.

Thus rapidly and surely was she forced to take for her life's motto the words that were wreathed in evergreen over the coffin of Gerritt Smith, her beloved cousin, "Equal rights for all."

In 1847 they moved to Seneca Falls, where the next sixteen years of their lives were spent and where the last four of the seven children were born to them. Not far away was Rochester, where Frederick Douglass was editing the *North Star;* Syracuse, where Samuel J. May was pastor, and where Mills and Matilda Joslyn Gage lived. Beriah Green lived in another neighboring town; Lucretia Mott was within hailing distance; and lo! the first woman's rights convention was called on the 19th and 20th of July, 1848. Only five days' notice was given, but the Methodist church was crowded, and a "Declaration of Rights" was promulgated. The enthusiasm of the crowd was soon dissipated and a great agitation was launched. Old friends stood aloof, but Garrison, Phillips, Channing, Parker and Emerson, on this side of the water, stood up to be counted, and John Stuart Mill and his wife and daughter signaled from England. Victor Hugo sniffed the battle from afar in his island home of Guernsey. Then it was that a young school teacher from Rochester, Susan B. Anthony, came to her side, and a most interesting company, not for pecuniary profit, was organized, which lasted to the end of Mrs. Stanton's life, fifty-four years later. Not more beautiful was the friendship between David and Jonathan, no more true the comradeship between Damon and Pythias than that which existed through these struggling years between Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony. So different in appearance, in temperament and in circumstances—Mrs. Stanton, brilliant, handsome, a happy home-maker, a congenial wife and a successful mother, loving travel, loving society; Susan B. Anthony, executive, plain of speech, simple in dress and manner, the tireless worker, the fearless leader, unmarried though not friendless through all these years.

Then came the war. Mrs. Stanton said, "Let the interest of woman stand in abeyance while we settle the freedom of the slave." And Susan B. Anthony consented, though much against her inclination. Wherever the fight was the thickest in those days of recruiting, sanitary activity and moral suasion, there was Eliazbeth Cady Stanton with her helpers on the side of liberty, doing anything and everything that would make for the success of the soldier on the field or the heartening of President and Cabinet.

On the 14th day of May, 1861, a great meeting of the Loyal Women of the Nation was held in New York City in response to a call signed by Mrs. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony. In this call occurred these words:

"Work is worship only when a noble purpose fills the soul. Woman is equally interested and responsible with man in the final settlement of this problem of self-government; therefore let none stand idle spectators now. When every hour is big with destiny, and each delay but complicates our difficulties, it is high time for the Daughters of the Revolution, in solemn council, to unseal the last will and testament of the fathers, lay hold of their birthright of freedom, and keep it a sacred trust for all coming generations."

At this meeting the following resolutions were passed:

"Resolved, That there never can be a true peace in this Republic until the civil and political rights of all citizens of African descent and all women are practically established."

"Resolved, That the women of the Revolution were not wanting in heroism and self-sacrifice, and we, their daughters, are ready, in this war, to pledge our time, our means, our talents, and our lives, if need be, to secure the final and complete consecration of America to freedom."

There is still to be found in the archives at Washington a petition signed by three hundred thousand persons, bearing names, as Mrs. Stanton says, "signed on fence posts, plows and anvils, by women of fashion and those in the industries, alike in the parlor and in the kitchen, by statesmen, professors, editors, bishops, hardhanded children of toil building railroads and bridges and digging canals and in mines in the bowels of the earth." Three of Mrs. Stanton's sons spent weeks in classifying, rolling and labeling these petitions, urging emancipation and the passage of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. Wrote Senator Sumner, "Send on the petitions as fast as received; they give me opportunities for speech." Says the *New York Tribune:*

"The women of the Loyal League have shown great practical wisdom in restricting their efforts to one subject, the most important which any society can aim at in this hour, and great courage in undertaking to do what never has been done in the world before, to obtain one million names to a petition."

At last the cause was won on the field of battle, and after six years of interruption in the interest of the black man the work was taken up again in the interest of woman. Four handsome volumes of over a thousand pages each represent the official "History of Woman Suffrage"; the first three vol-

umes being the joint labors of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony. The last volume, recently published, continues the story with Susan B. Anthony's name still on the title page, but with the name of Mrs. Ida Husted Harper as associate, the hand of Mrs. Stanton having grown weary in the long work—not from flagging interest, but from the weight of rich and loving years.

Let those who will, sneer at these agitators and laugh at their claim, but when we call to mind the heroes of the tented field and try to interpret their sacrifice in its true light, let no one dismiss lightly this mighty campaign that has lasted through half a century and that has wrought so much and so well for the emancipation of mind as well as limb and the progress of unity.

I cannot tell the story of this campaigning heroine—now visiting every county in Kansas, driven across-lots in a covered buggy with a span of mules, with ex-Governor Robinson for driver, sleeping and eating as only pioneers on the frontier know how; now battling with the snowdrifts of Iowa, driving from forty to sixty miles between appointments over the crusted snow when the railroads were blocked; now in California, and anon in Virginia; now entertaining titled visitors from abroad; now pleading with legislatures, preaching in pulpits and addressing teachers' conventions; now annotating the Bible with a free hand, in the interest of a rational theology, but always in the interest of the rights of women; always a lady; always masterful, a woman that never ceased to be a woman, a successful home-maker, one who enjoyed the fine arts but who was thoroughly respectful to the coarser arts, as Theodore Parker called them, the arts which feed, clothe, house and comfort mankind. Whenever this story of Mrs. Stanton is adequately told it will be found that it belongs to the legitimate lore of Decoration Day. Mrs. Stanton belonged to the army of freedom; she was comrade of the bravest of the boys who wore the blue; she was the peer of epauletted generals and sage senators. She had the compelling power that goes with consecration.

Her unpopularity testified to her power, and her defeats have been or are being overruled into magnificent triumphs. She was ruled out of the great anti-slavery convention in London because she was a woman, but she became the great maker of conventions where the ablest and noblest men of America felt honored by an invitation to the platforms.

Early in life she appeared before the legislature of New York demanding a statute allowing absolute divorce to wives of habitual and brutalized drunkards. Her petition was scouted. Today in most of the states of the Union such a law is in force; in four states of the Union the word "male" is eliminated from the conditions of suffrage, and the other states are as sure to follow as night follows day.

Her eightieth birthday was celebrated with a great national council of women, and compliment and congratulation, resolution and cheer, gift and telegram from all parts of the world testified to a triumphal life. Of this ovation she wrote:

"I could endure any amount of severe criticism with complacency, but such an outpouring of homage and affection stirred me profoundly. To calm myself during that week of excitement, I thought many times of Michelet's wise motto. 'Let the weal and woe of humanity be everything to you, their praise and blame of no effect; be not puffed up with the one nor cast down with the other.'"

Back of all this demonstration I like to insist that there was, public misapprehension notwithstanding, a woman who was a successful wife, mother and home-maker. She was a soother of babies, a neighborhood nurse, and in due time a comforting and comfortable grandmother. Once she gave timely counsel to the inexperienced parents of a sickly first child away out in Iowa. But after she was many miles on her journey she remembered that she had forgotten a part of her prescription, and she telegraphed back to the father, "Give the baby water six times a day." The father was a telegraph operator, and the message got out, and during leisure moments the wires were kept hot for months afterwards with the message, "Give the baby water six times a day."

But still further back of this personality lies the fundamental message of Decoration Day, which needs to be reiterated in these reactionary times when commercial interests and social prejudices and expediencies are busy discounting the triumphs of the war, impugning the work of the soldier, unblushingly trying to render null the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Constitution and apologizing for the Emancipation Proclamation itself. It is high time that the education of our children in this direction be attended to. The young men and young women of our high schools need to be given a course of training in the biography of freedom, in the history of progress. They need to be made conversant with the facts which prove that aristocracy makes for degeneracy in the state and that democracy is always allied to progress. They need to be taught that science is one with morals and religion in emphasizing the fundamental unity of humanity. Races are fluid as water, and in the sweep of the centuries evanescent and changing. Worth, love and loyalty are admirable, and hence worthy; and whether they are manifested by black, yellow or white man, "a man's a man for a' that." And meanness, cowardice, affectation and snobbery are blameworthy, however white the skin, refined the dress, or ancient the pedigree.

In the name of the dead soldiers, then, I cast my flowers on the grave of Elizabeth Cady Stanton; one who said, "I hate the words 'royalty' and 'nobility' as representing the pretensions of state"; one who was a prophecy of that exalted womanhood through whose help will come new life, light and liberty to all mankind. I offer no apology for applying these, her own words, to her own cheerful life.

The Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, which took effect January 1, 1863, is still awaiting its full enforcement, and will continue to be a broken contract with many of those directly involved until its enforcement shall come through the rounding out of its principles and by invoking the help of woman and securing her co-operation and the adequate expression of her wishes under that completed Constitution of the United States which shall guarantee equal rights to all its citizens regardless of "sex, race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

My Task.

This is my task: to learn to love the days,
To form a friendship for their common ways,
  Without a thought of care or task at all;
To be intent to live and act my best,
And leave to charity of time the rest,
  And answer "Here!" when Death shall give the call!

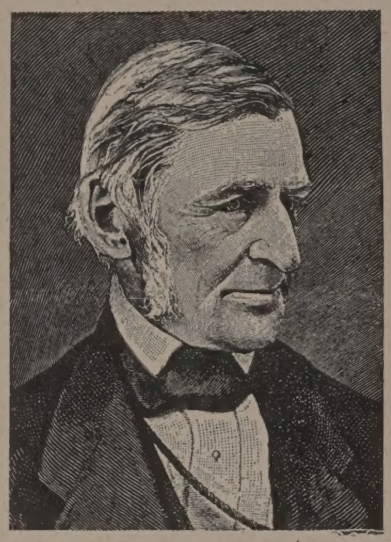
Nor will my life and all its precious hours
Be but as blooming of the fading flowers,
  To stand as sweetness only for a day;
Behind endeavor of the heart and mind
A seed of purest promise do I find,
  That intimates my life will bloom for aye!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



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XV.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

May 25, 1903.

One Hundred Years.

Columbia to this festival doth bring
Thank offering in memory of the Seer
Who with prophetic insight chanted here
Of Freedom founding states without a king,
Of Nature's laws and God's in everything.
He from the trembling atom, whirling sphere,
From whisp'ring pine and ocean's roar did hear
The fated words which he to men must sing.
And like a torch his thought hath lit our way
Up to the summit of a century's height,
From which it will, O people yet unborn,
Your path illume, on, to an ampler day.
Rejoice, ye living, in the quenchless light
From altar of this "High Priest of the Morn."

CHARITY DYE.

The Young People's Emerson.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

A "Divinity School Address" Suggestion.

Few things show more clearly the spiritualizing of religion during our last half-century than the growing recognition of Emerson; and the change is all hinted in the story of the Divinity School Address. Given in a corner and as by accident, rewarded with instant obloquy and long-lasting ostracism, it has become a Unitarian "tract." It is welcomed widely in many differing communions as an utterance of the Spirit. It is perhaps the most famous and enduring single sermon of the century past. The fiftieth anniversary of its delivery was commemorated in a great public meeting held in Chicago, with addresses, poem and song. Frederick Hosmer's noble hymn, "O thou in lonely vigil led," written for the Commemoration, was sung; and in a poem called "The Living God," John Chadwick described the Divinity School Chapel with its pine pulpit, hard-bench pews, and wheezy organ, where, in that "refulgent summer" of 1838, sat the scant hundred listening to "the far-sounding Address," as its words first fell from the lips of Emerson. None of his essays show him more clearly as "the friend of those who would live in the spirit." A thoughtful study of it, with slow re-readings, is like a little Divinity School course in itself. To those who care for such study the Outline and Questions, prepared for an Emerson class, and printed below, may be an aid.

Few Addresses offer themselves so nobly to interpretation by a sensitive reader who feels its beauty. For it is a great prose-poem on the Soul. Notice the summer symphony with which it opens, and the sky-reach of the close; its logical construction; its radiant and pregnant phrases; the centering of its main thought in the central truth of all religion, making the Address impregnable; and the jubilant, morning quality over all, that has kept it as fresh for today as it was sixty summers ago. It reads, I say, like a poem. It almost chants.

So now for the suggestion. Offer to read the Address (most of it) some Sunday evening—on May 24, if not too late—to the Young People and their friends. Have copies of it for free distribution among the audience, that all may follow the interpretative reading with their eyes,—the best way to bring a poem's meaning out, and take it in. Let the members of the Young People's Religious Union, if there be one, be the hosts of the evening, providing music, song—*and the Scripture.* For this last, let each member read at home, beforehand, the Address, and send to the minister, or other reader of the evening, the noblest sentence or sentences, those each one would wish to remember longest, —not more than six or eight lines in all. Let these elect sentences, arranged in the best order, become the Scripture preceding the Address. Of course they must be selected without consultation together.

"The Divinity School Address."

(The figures in brackets refer to paragraphs of the address.)

OUTLINE.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

Prelude (1-3).

Above the beauty of the world of sense (1), above the wonder of the world of mind (2), open the beauty and wonder of the Sentiment of Virtue (3).

I.

The Moral Sentiment the Essence of All Religion (4-11).

It reveals the laws of the Soul, laws perfect, self-executing,—within, in instant retributions and ennoblements (5); without in society, righting wrongs, publishing character, determining affinities and destinies (6).

It suggests Unity,—One Mind, One Will, in all things; and that Will, Good (7).

It beatifies and deifies man, making known to the Soul its infinitude (8, 9).

It successively creates all forms of worship, those forms abiding longest which express it best (10).

Its one condition,—each Soul can know it only by its own intuition, not on another's seeing and authority. *That* thought is the fall of religion (11).

II.

Contrast the Prevailing Christianity: its two Errors (12-28).

1. *It exaggerates the personal Jesus (13-18).*

The real Jesus was a true prophet of the Soul (13, 14).

The distorted Jesus of the Church is a profanation of the Soul (13, 15).

Jesus serves us not by dominating, but by inspiring, us,—giving me to myself (16, 17).

Insulation degrades Jesus himself (18).

2. *In the churches the Soul, and its union with God, are not preached (19-28).*

The great and perpetual office of the preacher (20, 21).

The decay of faith today: "In how many churches is man made sensible that he is an infinite Soul?" (22, 23).

The specter of the pulpit,—the traditional, formalist preacher! Why go to church? True, the "good ear," and the "sincere moment," account for some profit received there (24-28).

III.

The Remedy,—"First, Soul, and second, Soul, and Evermore, Soul" (29-35).

Speak as a Soul, as a Self,—go alone,—show that God *is*, not was,—acquaint men at first hand with Deity,—be a divine man, and very priest to your people (29-31).

And to this end study the grand strokes of rectitude,—be of the Imperial Guard of Virtue (32, 33).

Plan no new cultus, but breathe new life into the old. The Sabbath and the Pulpit are two inestimable opportunities (34).

The new Teacher, who shall see those shining laws come full circle (35).

QUESTIONS.

I.

1. "The moral sentiment is the essence of all religion" (4):—Then are "religion" and "ethics" the same thing? What is "spirituality"?

2. "Instant," instead of future, Judgment (5):—Is this magnificent poetry, or simple fact? For other illustrations of the self-executing laws, see "Compensation," "Spiritual Laws," and "Worship."

3. "One Will (7):—*How* does the Moral Law suggest Unity? For other illustrations of the "creed sublime," see the "Over-Soul."

4. "Evil" (7) a mystery (Job); the privation of good (R. W. E.); the perversion of good (L. Abbott); the necessary, but evanescent, condition of spiritual evolution (Fiske); non-existent (Christian Science):—which thought best interprets yours?

5. "It creates all forms of worship" (10):—The difference between "religion," "theology," and "worship"?

6. "One stern condition" (11 and 17):—Do tuition and intuition exclude, or, rather, involve, each other? Do the mother, the noble friend, the saint, impart no more than "provocation" to growth? Do all of us need "mediators"? How do they help us? But can one accept a moral judgment, like a fact in science, on another's authority? Should we adopt Lucretia Mott's motto, "Truth for authority, not authority for truth"?

II.

7. "Jesus" (13-18):—Is Emerson's thought of Jesus—his nature, character, faith, service—belittling, or exalting?

Was he right in refusing to print the paragraph between (15) and (16), omitted in delivery,—a paragraph deprecating irreverent criticism of Jesus? (See Miss Peabody's record, in Cooke's "Emerson," p. 70.)

8. "Churches built not on his principles, but on his tropes" (13):—What is meant?

9. "Miracle" (13):—What is "miracle" to Emerson?

10. "The Soul knows no persons" (15):—Persons, or individuals,—which is meant? Is he right? Personality, impersonality, in reference to "God,"—does the question trouble you? Whichever word we use, must it not cover everything implied in the other word? If so, have we a right to use either? Why is it we prefer the terms of personality?

11. "The decay of faith" (22):—Were the "two errors" (28) the causes of the decay in Emerson's day? Is *our* time a November, or an April, of faith? Is no new faith arising yet in the room of the creed that is passing (27)?

12. "In how many churches"?—Does soul-less preaching still prevail? Can many churches and many preachers (24) now stand Emerson's tests?

13. "Wicked to go to church" (24-28):—Why do people go to church? Why don't they go? Why the lessening attendance at church and the divinity schools? Is it a sign that that "greatest calamity" (28) is really befalling us?

14. "The good ear" (25):—How may listeners help preachers to preach better sermons?

III.

15. Priests by divine right (31),—are there not many such, both men and women? Do you never "go to confession"?

16. New life in old forms (34):—Did Emerson's example and Emerson's counsel agree? Is he advocating the putting of new wine into old bottles?

17. "The new Teacher" (35):—In an age like ours is a new "Christ" likely to appear and draw the faith of millions?

18. "Gravitation and purity of heart" (35):—What mean the last four lines of the Address?

IN GENERAL.

An Address without a title,—what title shall we give it?

What single sentence seems to hold the heart of it?

What half-dozen quotations already familiar, or destined to become so, can you find?

What psalms, or other scripture passages, star the pages? Will each one bring a list of them, with the number of the paragraph and the opening words of each passage indicated?

What lines of Browning and Wordsworth, what words from the Old Testament Psalms and Jesus, come to mind as we read?

Does Emerson seem to you an iconoclast? As this one of all his essays holds, perhaps, the most negation, notice the preponderating amount of condensed affirmation in it; and recall Dr. Holmes' word about the "iconoclast without a hammer."

Why, then, the sensation and obloquy caused by the Address? For the Divinity School professors' alarm, the pamphlets that sprang up, the Unitarian ministers' debate whether Emerson were a Christian or an Atheist, Harvard's thirty-year-long ostracism, and Emerson's perfect and cordial quiet "during the storm in our wash-bowl," as he called it to Carlyle,—for all this, see Cabot's "Life," ch. ix., especially pp. 330-347, 689-694, and Cooke's "Emerson," ch. vi. Also Mr. Chadwick's article on the Address in UNITY for March 19, 1903.

For correlated essays by Emerson, see, in vol. ii., "Spiritual Laws," and the "Over-Soul"; in vol. vi., "Worship"; in vol. x., "The Sovereignty of Ethics," and "The Preacher"; and in vol. xi., the two "Free Religious Association Addresses."

Correlated poems are "The Problem," and "Worship"; and for certain points, "Astræa," "Uriel," "Forbearance."

The Address can be obtained in tract form (5 cents, ten for 25 cents) from the Unity Publishing Committee, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago. An interesting note contains the "prayer without pronouns," with which, as Dr. Bartol remembered, Emerson prefaced the reading of his Address. It is also just being issued as a *free* tract by the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Emerson, Parker and Channing.

BY EDWIN D. MEAD.

Emerson's religion found its best pulpit expression in Theodore Parker. The two men, widely different as their manner and methods were, stood for the same truth. As we pay honor to that truth and its prophets today we should cast a grateful glance farther back. The peculiar obligation to Channing of both Emerson and Parker must not

be passed unrecognized even in the briefest survey of their religious work and influence. The three names must be grouped together. They make our great triumvirate in the realm of religious progress and reform. They had the same high idealistic philosophy; they stood for the same rational method, and they had alike that reverence for the soul and that lofty social ideal which made them as earnest and constant workers in the field of politics and whatever concerned man's freedom and growth as in the field of religion. Emerson was born in the very year (1803) that Channing was ordained and installed as minister of the Federal Street Church, and he grew up in a community and especially in a family circle pervaded by Channing's influence. In 1821, while he was a student at Harvard College, he heard Channing deliver the Dudleian Lecture there, and expressed his admiration of it as the fruit of "moral imagination" and "the highest species of reasoning upon divine subjects." He began his studies for the ministry under Channing's direction, and soon after the completion of his studies we find him preaching in Channing's pulpit. He pays tribute to Channing's genius and influence as among the more immediate early causes of the transcendental movement. The American Unitarian Association, of which Channing was chosen president, was formed, by auspicious coincidence, on Emerson's birthday, May 25, 1825; and Emerson was one of its first missionary preachers. Of Channing's address on "Spiritual Freedom," given soon after the formation of the Association, Mr. Chadwick justly says: "We do not wonder at Emerson's delight in Channing when we read this superb anticipation of his own 'Self-Reliance.'" Mr. Chadwick marshals sundry passages of the kind that "made Emerson bless Channing as one of those who had said his good things before him." Channing was almost as impatient as Emerson himself with the growth of what he called a "Unitarian orthodoxy." His deafness kept him from Emerson's early Boston lectures; but his daughter heard them with joy and borrowed the manuscripts to read to her father, in whom they also found hearty reponse. When others condemned Emerson for his Harvard address Channing defended him, and he grew steadily younger, more hospitable and more prophetic as he grew older. "In our wantonness," said Emerson, "we often flout Dr. Channing and say he is getting old, but as soon as he is ill we remember he is our bishop and that we have not done with him yet," and on the centennial of Channing's birth, April 7, 1880, two years before his own death, he went from Concord to Newport, to be present at the laying of the cornerstone of the new Channing Memorial Church.

Parker was no sooner settled in his West Roxbury parish than we find him going to Channing often for help in solving his pressing religious problems. He borrows books of him and discusses with him Strauss's "Life of Jesus." Channing was now sometimes preaching sermons which Dr. Gannett thought "suited to do more harm than good"; and Parker writes: "If Dr. Channing were a young man of five and twenty, all unknown to fame, holding the same religious, philosophical, political and social opinions as now, and preaching on them as he does, he could not find a place for the sole of his foot in Boston, though half a dozen pulpits were vacant." Years before the controversy over Emerson's Harvard address and Parker's South Boston sermon Channing said: "The truth is, and it ought not to be disguised, that our ultimate reliance is and must be upon reason. If a professed revelation seems to us plainly to disagree with itself or clash with great principles which we cannot question we ought not to hesitate in withholding from it our belief. I am surer that my rational nature is from God than that any book is the expression of his will." Parker went often to a little club to which Channing went, at the home of his friend and parishioner, Jonathan Phillips, and writing of one of these "Socratic meetings," where Channing was the Socrates, and the theme was Progress, Parker says: "Had the conversation been written out by Plato it would equal any of his beautiful dialogues." A week later the subject for the club's discussion was a recent lecture of Emerson's. Channing was no more troubled by Parker's South Boston sermon than by Emerson's Harvard address; and when, the next year, Channing died, Parker wrote to a friend: "No man in America has done so much to promote truth, virtue and religion as he. I feel that I have lost one of the most valuable friends I ever had. His mind was wide and his heart was wider yet." In his journal he wrote: "No man since Washington has done so much to elevate his country." Parker's memorial sermon at the time, and his more exhaustive paper in the Massachusetts Review a few years later, are among the noblest tributes ever paid to Channing's character and work.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Reviews by R. W. Boynton.

THE LARGER PATRIOTISM.*

The doctrine of the brotherhood of man has become fashionable, as an abstract proposition, in many quarters. But the real test of this, as of any generalized statement of truth, is to be found in its concrete applications, while their self-confidence in affirming the general doctrine appears to be in no wise shaken. But the word of Jesus applies here as elsewhere, "By their fruits ye shall know them." This is the sieve with which to separate in our ecclesiastical pronouncements and our political platforms the grain of wheat from the bushel of chaff.

Mr. Bridgman's book* is at least free from the vice of decrying its premises in its conclusions. According to one's private convictions it will come either as a tremendous moral appeal or as a passionate political pamphlet in the guise of a love story. Regarding its moral ring there is no uncertainty. The publishers tell the truth in saying that "in every chapter the permanence of the moral standard is affirmed." The only question that can arise in the reader's mind is as to whether what is affirmed is any absolute standard or only the personal standard of the author. For one, I confess to going wholly with the author, so far as his standard is concerned. He has preached a moral sermon, with abundance of pertinent illustration and application, upon the brotherhood of man. It is a doctrine that a majority of the American people go on repeating with their lips while they consistently deny it in their hearts. As a tract for the times, the book is worthy of all consideration; as a story, it must be called a respectable failure.

The tale hangs on the adventures of three young men, one of them a negro, who leave Boston to enlist on the Filipino side in the islanders' struggle for liberty. The hero, of whom the other two are only satellites, represents the much-abused "anti-imperialists," whose doctrine reduced to its lowest terms is simply that of universal human brotherhood. We are shown in the opening chapters certain phases of the great

*Loyal Traitors: a Story of Friendship for the Filipinos. By Raymond L. Bridgman. James H. West Co., Boston. Pp. 310. $1 net.

debate between those Americans of three or four years ago who held the doctrine strictly for ornamental purposes and those who took it seriously. Here the author perceptibly weakens his case by grossly caricaturing his opponents. He gives us, for example, a gilded youth who belittles the memory of Lincoln, and an American military officer who challenges the hero to a duel. These lapses into evident absurdity show how hard it is, with the best intentions, to apply one's doctrine of brotherhood near home. The book's inadequacy, even as a sermon, is largely due to this unfairness to the better elements on the other side, with a parallel blindness to the weaknesses of one's own friends. It is surely as much a part of the practice of human brotherhood to do justice to one's countrymen as to befriend their temporary antagonists.

Wholly as our sympathies go out to the Filipino patriots for their undying love of liberty, to put them on a plane with the men of the American Revolution is surely an exaggeration. As if to atone for much of this sort, the author makes those whom the young American, George Brown, has helped to victory by military training, arrest and all but execute him on the barest suspicion. But of the real Filipinos and the real Philippines there is as little in the book as of real Bostonians. It is a wonder, with the comparative fulness of our knowledge, from eye-witnesses who have also been trained writers, that the local color is so inadequate, not to say wholly wanting. Another serious defect, which could only infuriate a reader of opposite sympathies, is in the giving of no recognition whatever to the actual work of American soldiers and civilians in the Philippines. Deeply as one must deplore and roundly as he may condemn the judgment that sent our forces to the islands, it is a needless offence against justice to omit to recognize the heroic work that has been done by soldiers and officials under difficulties of a sort that few Americans had faced before.

But one tries to silence his critical faculty in the presence, however lacking it may be in presentation, of one of the great moral issues of our history. This book, in the boldness of its conception and its largeness of view, is at least prophetic of that epic of Filipino independence which yet waits for an inspired hand to write it. When it is written—as novel or as history I care not—it will bring the American people to a realization of the crime against liberty in the Philippines as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" brought our fathers to a realization of the crime against humanity in slavery. One of the chapters of this epic is represented here is the story, quoted from a Chicago war correspondent, of the death of the twenty-two-year-old General Gregorio del Pilar, and of the desecration of his body by American soldiers. We may fairly measure our descent from the heroic days of American liberty, if we wish, by reflecting that this story cannot be recited in our schools together with that of Thermopylæ and that of Concord Bridge. That Mr. Bridgman's book is worthy in its moral elevation to contain this passage must be its sufficient praise.

The most convincing commentary on the general conclusion which he reaches—that the fight for freedom must never cease in the Philippines until it is won—is the report which keeps coming by private sources from Manila that the military authorities, in contrast with the complacent optimism of the civil government, are anticipating within a comparatively short time another insurrection, to quell which will take more troops than are now in the islands. The future will show how brightly the spark of liberty still glows in Filipino bosoms. Meanwhile the significant silence of the American press and people on the main issue may be a sign that the reaction is at hand; and when a determined stand for independence is made by the islanders it may wake an answering echo here that will overwhelm the sophistries of administration politics and show that America is "ever young for liberty" yet. That the book under review may contribute to this consummation is something devoutly to be hoped.

PULPIT PRAYERS.*

This little brochure takes up an important subject, and handles it after a true method. It is based on stenographic reports of ten pulpit prayers in representative churches of half a dozen denominations. These reports were made without the knowledge of the ministers whose words were taken down, and they are commented on as sample prayers by a minister who does not know their authors. This minister, who remains anonymous, also contributes an introductory essay on prayer in general. His thought is genuine, if a little commonplace, and leans rather toward liberal than distinctive evangelical lines, as this distinction is now understood.

The ten prayers are decidedly above the average pulpit extemporaneous praying in their quality. Their good points, in structure, expression and spirit are faithfully noted by the critic, whose modesty is not the least of his virtues for this task. He also indicates their defects, most of which are incidental to poor preparation and to an ignoring of the real aim of public prayer. No minister who has occasion to lead in his own person, and not through the obscuring medium of a liturgy, the weekly worship of a congregation can fail to find suggestion and correction in this candid examination. The quality of pulpit prayers, as they are commonly heard, is susceptible of endless improvement, which can only come when the one who prays puts as much care and forethought into what he is to say to God in the prayer as into what he is to say later to his congregation in the sermon.

AN AWAKENING TO HUMAN SERVICE.†

This little volume is so slight in structure and in thought that its appearance in tasteful print and binding from the publisher who sends out some of our most thoughful booklets is something of a surprise. Certainly the rather pretentious title gives no hint of the story within. It is the conventional story of a young man, away from the centers of civilization, who gradually wakes up to the true richness of life when it is dedicated not to self but to human service. John Wright, cramped in his personal development by uncongenial surroundings and unsympathetic parents, gradually finds through friendship and work the true life for a man to live. His growth is traced in a fresh and unsophisticated manner, as by one who had lived through a similar evolution amid such surroundings, but with little literary appeal. The village life, with its small resources, and the importance that attaches to every fresh impulse from the larger world, is faithfully depicted. The hero goes to college, after an experience in conducting a printing office, chooses the ministry as his life-work, later returns to astonish the villagers by his eloquence and piety, and after marrying the girl of his choice enters upon mission work in New York. The sentiment throughout is true, but somewhat forced. The complexity of modern city conditions is unknown to the author, who puts pious platitude into the mouth of her hero as the sufficient remedy for social ills. The book seems like a first attempt, and may promise better things with growth and reflection. Those who have read little and who care for a simple story simply told will perhaps find here something hidden from the mind sated with too much reading.

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*The Way the Preachers Pray. With Notes by One of Them. William G. Smith & Co., Minneapolis. Paper, 25 cents; board, 50 cents.

† The Dawn of the New Era. By Abbie Daniels Mason. James H. West Co., Boston. Pp. 140. Cloth, 75 cents.

Talks to Students on the Art of Study.

In this volume* the author has rendered the educational, and particularly the young student, world a distinctive service. The book is indeed a little masterpiece on the subject of study and education. It is not a treatise or a manual, but a clear, simple, direct and attractive statement of certain facts and principles of mental culture and sound knowledge. A line from the preface states briefly the purpose of the work: "It is not intended to fill the place of a manual of logic or psychology or pedagogy. It is intended to furnish effective suggestion to the student who is passing through the critical period of his intellectual life, while the mental powers are plastic but on the point of setting." And this the book does in an admirable manner. The material is to a degree common property, but the style, arrangement and lucid presentation are distinctly the author's own. Its simplicity and directness are charming. The illustrations are exceedingly apt, natural and effective, being drawn from the familiar and simple things of everyday life. The book is fascinating, stimulating, suggestive and solid, the very finest of the wheat in the realm of thorough knowledge and mental self-culture. It would be hard to find a volume of equal size so pregnant with suggestion and vital truths in this field. It is so well arranged and directly treated that not a chapter or page could be left out or anything added without marring the production. It is a volume that can be read in a few hours and one that every student ought to own and carefully and frequently read until it becomes part of his mental furniture. A synopsis of the chapters would give an idea of the plan and scope of the work, but it is better for the one who would know the book to take it up and read without any preconceptions or information, so naturally and clearly and vitally does it unfold and complete the subject. It is a book which it is a real pleasure to recommend to all thoughtful readers. It is neatly published by The Hoffman Edwards Co. of San Francisco. C. E. O.

Notes.

I never have read before in any book anything so manly and honorable as the publisher's introductory note to "The Story of a Bird Lover," by Wm. Earl Dodge Scott, published by The Outlook Company, of New York. This note takes the place of an ordinary introduction; and it illustrates the relation which ought to exist between a thoroughly good book and its publishers; and this is a thoroughly good book. The publishers say that Mr. Scott's book is published by them, not only because he is an ornithologist of high rank, but because he has, in a most remarkable manner, established personal relationship with the whole bird kingdom. "At Princeton, in a laboratory forming part of his own house, are, in six rooms, about five hundred live birds—native and foreign. This collection has not been made for the ordinary purposes of an aviary—that is to teach and please a multitude of visitors—but is designed for the purpose of conducting investigation that may lead to a better understanding of birds out of doors, and the problems which their life presents." The book is a delightful autobiographical sketch. I am not only getting the richest delight in reading it, but I am bound for Princeton and that laboratory, at my first opportunity. I assure the readers of UNITY that if they love nature, not birds only but nature in its fulness, nature where its heart beats, they will take to this book of Mr. Scott, and thank me for the noting of it. E. P. P.

*Talks to Students on the Art of Study. Frank Cramer. The Hoffman-Edwards Co., San Francisco. Price $1.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL NOTES.—The Lanier Cottage has been rented for the season by Rev. Celia Parker Woolley, where she will spend most of the summer, her mother and husband sharing the cottage as circumstances permit.

Miss Bertha Howe is at the present time on Tower Hill superintending the construction of her new cottage. Rev. Rett E. Olmstead, of Decorah, Iowa, is spending a week there also, and lending a hand in the planning and construction of the new cottage.

Rev. Mary Andrews, of Kansas City, is hoping to be an attendant at the Summer School.

Mrs. Graves, of Evanston, Miss Galletly, of Janesville, and Miss Elliott, of Chicago, of last year's class, have already enrolled themselves as students for this summer.

Miss Effie Dawes, of the Fine Arts building, Chicago, is to conduct a sketching class during the first two weeks of September at Tower Hill. This will be after the close of the Summer School, and there will be accommodations for art students and others who would like to spend two weeks in the first hand study of nature.

Applications for rooms and cottages should be made early to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Foreign Notes.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.—The *Bulletin Dominical*, published by the Swiss section of the International Federation for the Observance of Sunday, gives in its April issue an interesting outline of the origin and growth of this movement for Sunday rest, and the results already achieved by persistent concerted effort.

It was in 1861, at Geneva, in one of the great gatherings of the Evangellical Alliance, that Prof. F. Godet, of Neuchatel, delivered a notable address on this subject, which was discussed also by subsequent speakers. The immediate result wa the formation of a committee to which a banker, Alexander Lombard, gave his active support, becoming ten years later its president, a charge which he held down to his death in 1887.

This Geneva committee soon drew around it so many adherents that it grew into the Geneva Society, and similar committees have been organized at Neuchatel, Basel, Lausanne and Schiffhausen, the desire for co-operation led in 1866 to the formation of the Swiss Society for the Observance of Sunday. This has since been enlarged by the adherence of the following committees: Bern and Zurich in 1872; Coire, 1873; Saint Gall, 1874; Locle, 1878; Argau and the Bernese Jura, 1880; Vevey, 1884; Columbier, 1888; Morges, 1897; Glarus, 1899; Montreux, 1900; Chaux de Fonds, 1901, and probably one recently organized in Thurgau will soon be added.

The indefatigable Lombard-Dimanche, or Sunday Lombard, as he came to be called, established committees in other countries and was the prime mover of the first congress, which was held at Geneva in 1876. At this congress was organized the International Federation, which now includes organizations in New York, London, Edinburgh, The Hague, Belgium, Paris, Christiania, Copenhagen, Stuttgart, and the Duchy of Baden, as well as the various Swiss committees.

Geneva then is headquarters of the local society, the Swiss Society and the International Federation. For twenty-five years the secretaries of these three groups have occupied the same office, No. 19 Rue de Candolle.

The aim of these organizations is the diffusion of the principles of rest and a Christian use of Sunday, cases of necessity and mercy being of course excepted. This object, at once social, humanitarian and Christian, seems to them indispensable to the welfare, physical, intellectual, moral and religious of the individual and of families.

The matter is not regarded as an ecclesiastical one, but as Christian in the broadest and highest sense, a question of human dignity, civil order and public weal. Efforts are therefore directed against all subjection to non-urgent labor on Sunday, the opening of stores and other places of business on that day; also against Sunday dissipation, the multiplicity of Sunday festivals and excursions, payment of employes on Saturday or Sunday, military drills, and administrative gatherings on that day.

One important task of the Geneva committee has been the publication of literature on this subject both in French and German. Its catalogue now includes the titles of 130 volumes and pamphlets published at its expense or under its auspices. The *Bulletin Dominical* has appeared since 1876 at Geneva, while at Basel the *Schweizer Sonntagsfreund* has been issued since 1882. The edition of these papers ranges from 10,000 to 25,000 copies.

Public lectures, conferences with heads of industries and administrative officers, and prize competitions are other means employed in the work. A single one of these competitions, that on Sunday rest from the standpoint of health, in 1875, brought in 54 manuscripts, for which prizes amounting to $660 were distributed and seven of the best essays were published. Posters, envelopes with special inscriptions, petitions, utilization of the daily press, participation in expositions (three silver medals and one gold one), annual conferences of Swiss delegates and international congresses are other methods of propaganda.

International congresses and conferences have been held at Geneva, 1876; Bern, 1889; Stuttgart, 1892; Chicago, 1893; Brussels, 1885, and 1897; Paris, 1881, 1889 and 1900, and Carlsruhe, 1902. This latter was a conference limited to representatives from Switzerland and Germany. A national congress was held at The Hague in 1901.

A summary of results thus far achieved, arranged by countries, is most interesting, but too long for reproduction here. Switzerland, as the initiator of the movement, has naturally the most to report, and it is noticeable that most of the committees, leagues, etc., reported in other countries were formed at the instigation of the Geneva committee. To Norway is assigned the palm in the matter of Sunday observance, while at the other end of the scale are Spain, Italy, Russia, Greece and Bulgaria, where the extraordinary number of saints' days and ecclesiastical holidays forms a distinct obstacle to the Sunday rest movement. The achievements most frequently noted in other continental countries are suspension of freight traffic on Sunday and the securing of at least one Sunday in three to railroad employes, reduction and in Norway complete suspension of the postal service on that day, closing, either voluntarily or by law, of shops, stores, etc., for a half day, if not all day. In Norway all drinking places are closed from 5 p. m. on Sunday to 8 a. m. on Monday.

France and Belgium have each a Perpetual League for Rest on Sunday. The French one, after which the Belgian one is modeled, has no confessional or political bias. Its first president was Leon Say, its most active worker is a Mr. Nordling, one of the vice presidents, who has steered it so successfully through all dangers that it now comprises 17 local committees, with about as many corresponding members in different cities and some 7,000 paying members. It publishes a monthly bulletin. The Catholics, too, are active and have two special organs, one at Paris, the other at Lyons.

Switzerland has worked for the adoption of the Friday payday and the municipality of Geneva sets the example by paying all city employes on that day.

From Switzerland, too, are reported the most radical measures regarding railroads. There, it will be remembered, these are run by the government. The new administration of the federal roads has decided to suppress entirely all Sunday pleasure trains at reduced rates and also, from May 1, 1903, all Sunday tickets favoring travel on that day. M. E. H.

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